

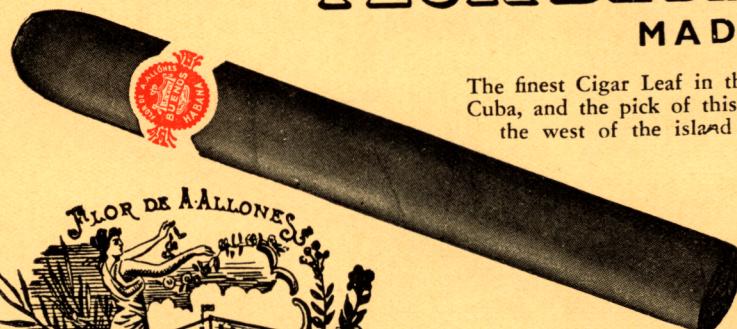
# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
**OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.**

Vol. 13. No. 6. 1st August, 1940.



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# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

## MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney*

Vol. 13. No. 6

1st August, 1940



Established 1858

**T**ATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

*Chairman:*

W. W. HILL

•

*Treasurer:*

S. E. CHATTERTON

•

*Committee:*

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DAVID A. CRAIG

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JOHN H. O'DEA

JOHN A. ROLES

F. G. UNDERWOOD

•

*Secretary:*

T. T. MANNING

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 14th September, 1940. Principal event: The Chelmsford Stakes.

# The Club Man's Diary

AUGUST BIRTHDAYS: Messrs. J. Logan and F. P. Kneeshaw, 6th; Mr. Greg. Keighery, 8th; Mr. W. W. Hill, 11th; Mr. E. O. Walcot, 13th; Mr. E. K. White, 14th; Professor J. D. Stewart, 18th; Hon. A. Mair, M.L.A. (the Premier), 25th; Mr. R. A. Berry, 28th; Mr. E. H. Bowman, 30th; Mr. E. L. Sodersteen, 31st.

*Gentlemen, I wish for you  
Life's grandest gift—a friendship  
true,  
Such as will stand the test and stay  
As firm to-morrow as to-day;  
A friendship that no tongue shall  
lend  
To malice, but shall ever tend  
To loyal utterance, man to man,  
And all your frailties gently scan.*

\* \* \*

Veteran of the August celebrants is Mr. Logan, who will round the bend for his 80th year. That's looking back over a long length of track; and, if our friend Jack be in the mood for looking over his shoulder, he may pick out the rough and the bright patches. Maybe he will confess that he was all the better for having had to endure some tough stages. You must come through, you can't run round, the tough spots. So are you recompensed when eventually you strike the easy going.

\* \* \*

In his heyday, Jack Logan was a great runner, and we may imagine at this time the panorama of men and events unwinding itself as he looks back. The toast is to the good old days, and the sportsmen of those days remaining, coupled with the name of our veteran member, Jack Logan.

\* \* \*

£100,000 FROM TATTERSALL'S:—Tattersall's Club war effort is on the "up and up." The Club will, according to its chairman, Mr. W. W. Hill, continue to

throw all its financial weight into the common cause. This week-end saw the tally over the £100,000 mark.

This sum is made up of gifts to the Commonwealth, loans free of interest, War Loan and War Savings Certificates, and donations to patriotic funds. The racing and sporting fraternity of Sydney never fails to "give till it hurts." Tattersall's members have done, and still are doing, their bit.

It is pointed out that the club house is self-supporting, and its finances are distinctly apart from receipts from the club's race days at Randwick. The club house does not benefit from race-day receipts. Profits from race meetings at Randwick are now all used for the benefit of racing—in increased stakes and other ways—charity, and patriotic funds.

For Tattersall's meeting at Randwick on Carrington Stakes Day (December 28), all profits will go to the Lord Mayor's Fund. Here's a brief resume of what Tattersall's Club has done:—Loans to Commonwealth, free of interest; members (per club) £3,950; members direct £57,050, club £2,000—total £63,000; War Loan (club), £3,000; War Savings Certificates, £10,000; outright gifts (direct by members), £20,110/10/-; Lord Mayor's Fund, £2,555/4/-; Red Cross, £1,537/13/-; other patriotic funds, £144/9/11. Grand total, £100,347/16/11.

Special functions are arranged to augment the funds of the Anzac Buffet, St. Mary's Basilica Hut, St. Andrew's Cathedral Hut and Salvation Army Hut. The club's co-operation has been offered to the Department of the Interior in the matter of the care of British children evacuees and an appeal will be made to members as soon as regulations and details are available to members.

—Sydney "Truth," 14/7/40.

Mr. H. C. Brown, who departed this life in July, was entitled to enjoy more leisure on his retirement from the Commonwealth Public Service than Time allotted him.

Mr. Brown's jobs in later years—Secretary of the Department of the Interior and Auditor-General—discovered an official of enthusiasm and endurance.

\* \* \*

A mathematician works out the fall of the dictators:

	Musso- lini.	Hit- ler.
Born	1883	1879
Came into power	1922	1924
Years in power	18	16
Age	57	61
Total	3880	3880
Divided by 2	1940	1940

\* \* \*

*The Height of Embarrassment:  
When two eyes meet looking  
through the same keyhole.*

\* \* \*

A friend complained that a buffeting he had suffered in the Lottery office was due to so many following their lucky star at a certain hour on that day. "Goats," he called them.

"Why were you at the Lottery office at all?" I asked.

"To try my luck," answered he.

"Then, actually, it was a case of separating the sheep from the goats?" I suggested.

\* \* \*

A business friend who invested in a yearling with the idea of proving to himself that racing can be made to pay, sought from me a name other than one of those siren-dam conjuncions. I suggested: Trial Balance.

Mr. Richard Wootton has been advised that his son, Dick, is a flying instructor "somewhere in England." He enlisted for flying service immediately war broke out, but was told that he was too old at 32. So he accepted the post of instructor. In that capacity, he has put through hundreds of graduates for the R.A.F.

Mr. Richard Wootton's first sight of a 'plane, as he told the story to "Smithy," was from a country farm. He recalled how terribly excited everybody became. Even the cattle dog ran out barking and making wild leaps at the strange monster that roared overhead.

\* \* \*

In my time, I had never encountered "the horse of another colour," as other than in the guise of a figure of speech. It is one of those animals bred in metaphor, like the horse that ran up a lane, or the gift horse you never look in the mouth.

So you think. So I thought.

Bernie Freeman will tell you different. His company's movie, "The Wizard of Oz," produces the animal—or reproduces the animal—in changing colours, thrice!

\* \* \*

Now, having seen the horse, my inquiry is whether he may step out of the screen to siren his kind. With that stock, how might we play to our advantage by tricking starter and, no less, judge. Sent to the outside at the start, simply would he change colour and sneak nearer the rails. Pressed by another in a desperate finish, he would either dazzle the judge by rapid changes of colour, or blanket the other horse by taking on his colour.

If Bernie Freeman or Dave Lake wants a scenario written along those lines, usually I have five minutes to spare for extraneous tasks at the bar in the luncheon hour.

\* \* \*

Usually I do not store up clippings to litter the place, but this

discovered-by-chance fragment of an article I wrote on August 4, 1925, under the title, "Eleven Years After," has contemporary interest.

"The rights and wrongs of the Great War will be submerged ultimately in a world-conscience for reparation; but not yet. Eleven years after, the passions of that red carousel are aroused by such an anniversary. With some, the impulse to shoot remains almost as ready."

Then discussing plans for permanent peace:

"Most valuable has been Great Britain's stubborn stand amid the



Men of the 2/5 Field Regiment marching with drums presented them at Ingleburn. Our golf club gave the bass drum, and was represented at the presentation of the drums by Mr. S. E. Chatterton, President of Tattersall's Golf Club.

embers, stamping out patches where outbreaks threatened, and, by sheer force of goodwill toward all men, neutralising combustible elements. Looking backward, and peering ahead, one feels that the real solution lies in her mission . . ."

Since the foregoing was written, 15 years have passed. While nothing has happened to discount the undertone of despair, the prediction as to Britain's part has been borne out worthily, despite betrayals not then foreseen.

\* \* \*

The story that Hitler has switched from 'planes to torpedo-boats as

the main striking force in his threatened invasion of England, recalls from history that William the Conqueror made it with open boats in 1066. On September 27 of that year, he set sail at midnight from the mouth of the River Somme with his army in 696 vessels, and landed at Pevensey, on the Sussex Coast, at nine o'clock next morning.

It hasn't been repeated. Nelson dished Napoleon's chances at Trafalgar in 1805. Although "his banners at Boulogne armed in our country every freeman" — as an English poet sang—Napoleon was confronted with the triple barrier of the English Channel, the English Fleet, the English people.

More than a century and a quarter after, Hitler is beset by the same physical and spiritual forces, accentuated by an air auxiliary; but there, again, he is challenged—with the Channel, the Fleet, the People, still starkly outstaring him from Dover Cliffs across to Calais.

\* \* \*

Recorded that in Frank McGrath's stable there is a box that for many years has sheltered a champion. Amounis was housed in it. When he went, Peter Pan, then almost untried, had it. In more recent years, the "S.M. Herald" recalls, it has been used by Ajax when he has been brought to Sydney.

Poitrel had the one stall at Randwick. How many ordinary racegoers could locate it?

\* \* \*

Death in England of Mr. James Baxter, a member of the International Board of the Rugby Union, revives a memory of his presence here in 1930 as manager of the British team which had toured New Zealand previously. He was in charge of a combination of lively spirits; not such great footballers, either in the individual or the team sense, but fellows who, in the social sense, you never forget.

(Continued on page 5.)

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## The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

They had more or less relaxed when they arrived in Sydney after a N.Z. tour that had proved tough and a little troubrous. They appeared to get more real zest out of the one game played here—that against N.S.W. at the Cricket Ground. Though they went down 3-nil, that match seemed to apply balm to their heart-burnings.

\* \* \*

Before we sat down at the banquet in the evening, I was conversing with Breckenridge, one of our forwards. As Aarvold, of the British threequarter line, approached, the Waratah grasped his hand and asked:—"Well, did you enjoy the game?" After Breckenridge had moved on, Aarvold—a member of Cambridge University team—said to me, apropos the Australian's remark: "Ripping fine spirit." That typified the approach of Aarvold and his team mates to the game of Rugby Union.

\* \* \*

James Baxter was typical of the Englishman's embodiment of sportsmanship; typical then of the Englishman's reverence for the status quo. Poured into his ear discreetly had been suggestion about innovation—"a brightening of the game"—as some perceived it, by restricting kicking into touch, territorially.

Speaking at the banquet, James Baxter touched the subject somewhat obliquely, and advised (quoting his own words): "Festina Lente." Thereupon I turned to one whom I knew to be an innovationist, and whispered: You're doomed."

\* \* \*

Ten years later I review that remark in the cold light of events, and, while believing that change, as it affects fundamentals, should ever be associated with caution, my belief is that the impact of this war on the concepts and customs of old England will liberalise thought without affecting its clar-

ity; that "mental attitudes" will be revolutionised and approaches made by short-cut.

\* \* \*

When the Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) went to England in 1935, as leader of a Rugby Union delegation to review the laws of the game, as well as to discuss questions of policy, he again met Mr. Baxter, and here is Mr. Hill's tribute:—

"Bim Baxter, as we called him, proved very helpful to us through his liberal thinking. He was a tower of strength to the game, and a sportsman through and through."

\* \* \*

Still another version of how the good thing was beaten:—

*He was the surest thing, that horse,  
That ever stepped upon a course.  
The tipster said: "I tell y' mate  
You'll hear th' crowd yell 'shut  
th' gate'!*

*It's just a case of puttin' in  
An' takin' out—he's sure to win."*

*But when he trailed far from the  
field,  
The tipster fairly stamped and  
squealed.*

*I said:—"I think I know our fate—  
The blinkin' thing has too much  
wait."*

\* \* \*

Mr. Leonard Upward, who died in July, was in every sense a valued member of this club. A genuine soul, he made, and kept, many friendships. The vacant place he left, not only in this club, but in life itself, will be hard to fill. To Mr. Ray Upward (his brother), and to their families, we extend our sympathy and an expression of our personal loss.

\* \* \*

*Heard in the Club Room:—*

Two men in the smoking compartment earnestly argued. One claimed there is a Hell. The other claimed there is not. "Excuse me,

gentlemen," a travelling man butted in, "I've been listening in on your line for the last forty-eight miles. Why all this conversation? If there ain't no Hell, where has business gone?"

\* \* \*

A better fellow than the late Mr. Frank Chaffey, M.L.A., you would not meet in a day's march. Indeed, it is a day's march by which I remember him best. As Chief Secretary, he had led a party to open officially a hut erected at the foot of Mount Kosciusko, in memory of two ski-ers, who had been lost about that spot in a blizzard. It was an eerie afternoon; still, soundless, crucifyingly cold. Around us were clustered the great white spaces, so tightly it seemed as to induce a stifling sensation of being wound in a snow-spun shroud, the while the sky was weirdly high lighted with blotches of cumulus ranging from leaden hue on the rim of the horizon to salmon and rose in the higher stalls of the amphitheatre of the heavens. Far off could be heard faint beating of the wings of a blizzard.

Frank Chaffey did not dwell on speech or ceremony. With our cars three miles in the background, across the frozen Snowy River, he calmly gave the order for hasty retreat. He and I were to make the pace in the vanguard, without giving alarm to the majority, oblivious of the danger. When he said that the one woman in the party would be looked to, I mentioned that there were two, indicating his wife as the other. "No," he answered. "In crises I always count on her as a man," So she proved; she, the tenderest of women.

We made the cars and beat the blizzard to the hotel that glimmered like a glow-worm in the distance. And when, eventually, the demon caught up and shook the building in his fury, whinnying curses on the wind without, we ensconced within raised our glasses and drank to Captain Frank Chaffey, the leader.

(Continued on page 7.)

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

## SEPTEMBER RACE MEETING

# Saturday, September 14th, 1940

### THE HURDLE RACE.

A Handicap of £250; second £50, third £25 from the prize. The winner of any Hurdle Race or Steeple-chase after the declaration of weights to carry 7lb. penalty. Nomination 10/-; acceptance 10/-.

ABOUT ONE MILE AND FIVE FURLONGS.

### THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have never at time of starting won a flat race (Maiden Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Apprentice riders only, allowances as provided by Rule 109. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.

ONE MILE.

### THE TRAMWAY HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £4.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

### THE THREE AND FOUR-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £350; second £70, third £35 from the prize. For three and four-year-olds at time of starting. Nomination £1; acceptance £2/10/-.

ONE MILE.

### THE CHELMSFORD STAKES.

(Weight-for-age with penalties and allowances, for horses three-years-old and upwards.)

Of £1,000; second £150, third £100 from the prize. Horses that have won a weight-for-age or special weight race exceeding £400 in value to the winner to carry 7lb. extra. Horses not having, at time of starting, won a handicap exceeding £150 in value to the winner allowed: three years, 7lb.; four years and upwards, 14lb.; maiden three-year-olds, 10lb.; maiden four-year-olds and upwards, 20lb. Winners of weight-for-age or special weight races (except special weight two-year-old races not exceeding £150 in value to the winner) not entitled to any allowance. Owners and Trainers must declare penalties incurred and claim allowances due at date when making entries. Nomination £1; acceptance £9.

ONE MILE AND A FURLONG.

### THE SPRING HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1, acceptance £4.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

### THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £350; second £70, third £35 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. 7lb. Nomination £1; acceptance £2/10/-.

ONE MILE.

NOMINATIONS for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle; or Mr. Gordon Lockington, 491 Bourke Street, Melbourne, before 4 p.m. on

### MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1940.

NOMINATIONS for the above races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

Amount of Nomination Fee must accompany each nomination. If nominations are made by telegram, the amount of fee must be telegraphed.

The Committee reserve the right to refuse any nomination.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races (The Chelmsford Stakes excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 9th September, 1940.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 12th September, 1940, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time of starting and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, and in the event of the false rail being used, races will be run at "ABOUT" the distances advertised.

## The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from page 5.)

A gold cup won by Desert Gold in 1917 has been given by Mrs. Reg Bettington for the Red Cross Race Meeting Art Union, on September 21. Mrs. Bettington was formerly Miss Lowry, of New Zealand, a daughter of the owner of Desert Gold. The gift of such a precious trophy represents practical patriotism. Probably the lady tore it from her heart, but that made the contribution all the nobler.

\* \* \*

A racing writer comments that the opposite way of galloping in Melbourne may suit Winnipeg better, because of a "shortness" in the near leg, and adds:—"Waltzing Lily had a peculiar action in front that enabled her to win good races galloping anti-clockwise on Melbourne courses, but which prevented her showing anything like her form when galloping the opposite way on Sydney courses."

For all that, horses without evidence of disability or peculiarity in conformation have been unable to handle 't other way round going in Melbourne; notably David. Others do better one way than the other, without being appreciably handicapped either way.

W. P. (Bill) Howell's death, following on so closely that of Monty Noble, made us realise sadly that the ranks of the glorious old brigade are being thinned by the scythe of time. Although Bill's cricketing fame rests on his accomplishments as a bowler, he was chosen originally as a batsman—a hard-hitting, left-hander.

The true story is that when the regular Australian trundlers had failed to dislodge a crack English batsman, Howell turned to the Australian captain and said: "Let me have a go." By that time willing to try anything (or anybody) once, the Australian captain tossed the ball to Howell, whose second delivery skittled the stumps of the Englishman. Thereafter, Bill 'Owell beloved of the 'Ill, more or less forsook all pretensions to batsmanship. He bowled with greater zest, because of the peculiar kink in human nature that inspires batsmen with ambition to become bowlers, and vice versa—the old yen of the comedian to play Hamlet.

My friend Arthur Mailey was never at ease until he had opened for Australia as a batsman—and how!

Mr. John Spencer Brunton once said that there was no tonic to compare with a good win by one of your own horses. Veteran member Mr. J. R. Hardie has been ailing of late, and it is our wish that Rodborough provide the tonic for his speedy recovery.

Mr. Hardie and Mr. G. G. Kiss are the Club's oldest members, in years of membership. They were elected in May, 1884. Tattersall's Club is proud of that record, and the well-being of the men who made it is wished for sincerely by everyone in the Club.

\* \* \*

Death claimed among our friends during July:—Mr. J. B. Davis, who had succeeded Mr. James Barnes as president of the N.S.W. Trotting Club; Mr. John Patience, another valued member, also Dr. Peter Murphy, and Mr. R. T. Reid, chairman of the Auckland Harbour Board, N.Z., whose horses included Royal Artist, Prince of Orange, Tea Trader, Beau Repaire, Royal Bachelor, and Olympis. Mr. Reid was made an honorary member of this Club during his visits. His death has robbed our sister Dominion of a grand sportsman.

Mr. E. A. Ireland, one of our members, has been appointed president of the N.S.W. Trotting Club in place of the late Mr. J. B. Davis. We congratulate Mr. Ireland and compliment the club on its choice.

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BALL**

**SATURDAY, 31st AUGUST, 1940**

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# Rural Members

## Mr. Stanley G. Shepherd, of "Nangus," Gundagai.

Stanley G. Shepherd, of "Nangus," Gundagai, may rightly be dubbed an all-rounder of the first water.

Years back, in the halcyon days of his youth, he was a devotee of the inflated pigskin and shone as a footballer with the old Wallaroos (Sydney) combination. He had few superiors.

When the time arrived for the more serious things in life, Stan hied him to the town situate nine miles from where the dog sat on the tucker box, where he became a successful breeder of horses, apart from his sheep and cattle runs. Few, if any, of our graziers are better known, and none enjoys higher regard of his fellows.

Mention of the pigskin department recalls that Stan still follows it with full enthusiasm, but, nowadays, it is when aboard a prad with a jockey on top.

Owner of a string of speedy racers, he has led in winners all over the country and also at headquarters; we all remember the month of May, 1938, too, when Disalto showed a clear pair of heels to the opposition in the Tamworth Cup.

In all his turf escapades he enjoys the friendship and guidance of Mr. Bailey Payten and, as a combination, the duo is hard to beat.

Of kindly disposition, "S.G.S." is ever ready to lend a helping hand to the less fortunate, and his success in life is only exceeded by his universal popularity.

## Mr. Frank Morrisey, of "Harben Vale," Blandford.

Frank Morrisey, of Harben Vale, Blandford, comes from one of the pioneer rural families of the Commonwealth.

Anyone who has lived any length of time in the Upper Hunter district of N.S.W. can recite the good work of the Morrisey family right back to the time when Frank's father, the late Hon. John Morrisey, held the position of Minister for Lands.

Frank has maintained the high standards set by his forebears, who gained fame for being among the very biggest dealers in cattle throughout the whole continent.

Go where you will in any part of N.S.W. or Queensland, and in the southern States as well, and the famous Hereford strain noted among cattle bears mute testimony to early Morrisey efficiency.

Apart from business activities, Frank lends a hefty helping hand to charitable functions, and although his frequent donations are, often as not, quoted as "anonymous," those in control merely give a knowledgeable wink and whisper "Good old Frank."

When time rests lightly, our worthy attends picnic races and is not averse to providing a prad or two to add zest to proceedings; and, putting it mildly, he enjoys his modicum of successes. He can likewise direct members on the quickest way to Randwick from the Club premises, and you can be certain of meeting him at the venue named when anything special is on the tapis.

# HANDBALL

Outstanding feature of the Handball Championships, so far, has been the return to form of Alf Rainbow, as shown in a marathon endurance test, in which he defeated a former champion, Sam Block, after 75 minutes of hard play.

Others who are showing good form are Ken Williams, E. A. Davis and W. Hannan, whilst Club champion, Eddie Davis, has entered the semi-finals.

Results to date are:—

## "A" Grade.

First Round:—N. E. Penfold defeated E. S. Pratt; A. E. Rainbow defeated J. Coen; J. Buckle defeated I. Stanford; A. Pick defeated F. Lazarus; A. J. Moverley given forfeit.

Second Round:—E. E. Davis defeated N. E. Penfold, 31-15, 31-23; A. E. Rainbow defeated A. S. Block, 26-31, 31-26, 31-23; W. A. Tebbutt defeated A. Pick 31-26, 31-30.

## "B" Grade.

First Round:—W. Hannan defeated D. Lake; L. Douglas, N. Conroy, J. Harris, R. J. Withycombe and E. T. Penfold were all given forfeits.

Second Round:—J. Armstrong defeated F. W. Dougall.

## "C" Grade.

First Round:—C. Godhard defeated N. P. Murphy; K. Williams defeated C. L. Parker; T. H. English defeated N. Barrell; E. A. Davis defeated R. Payne; Dr. W. Ingram, R. Morton, E. Bergin, A. G. Collins and W. Leibermann were all given forfeits.

# Ancient Castles of Britain

By Edward Samuel

Beauty in stone has no strength against the soulless machine of war. So to-day we turn our thoughts to our own Mother Country and to those edifices in which so much of the history of Britain is enshrined. Will they go free when destruction walks the earth? To that only time and our own efforts will give the answer. They are the symbols of our strength and our progress.

Among the many sights of architectural interest which the Old Country has to offer, few are more interesting than the old castles and keeps, which are to be found all over the land. It might be said, too, that in them lives England's history and glory. The greatest number were, of course, built in early medieval times. Now, as one might expect, the majority of them are—more or less—in ruins.

In many cases the original portions have not been used for centuries, but simply left standing as a memento of the past. Others have had windows and doorways inserted in the thick walls, thus giving a degree of comfort, certainly, but more or less spoiling the massive and solid effect of the early fortresses, which were built with the sole purpose of defence.

A very large number of castles were built in England during the reign of the Norman conqueror, William, the special reason, no doubt, being the need for holding down a newly subdued and resentful population. Hence it was that, although as a rule kings disliked castle building on the part of their vassals, and sometimes claimed to be the only lawful holders of castles, yet William permitted and encouraged the erection of private fortresses by his more prominent followers. He knew that they could not have preserved their existence without them.

With the reign of Edward I., about the middle of the 13th cen-

tury, the great castle building age came to an end, though real castles, and many more residences that called themselves castles, continued to be erected for another 200 years.

It was not till Tudor times that all those magnates who were set on providing themselves with new abodes finally abandoned the pretence of making them defensible. In place, they commenced to plan them for the ends of convenience and splendour alone, and relied for protection upon the "King's Peace" rather than on moats and barbicans.

That is not to say that many fine residences unsuited for military purposes were not reared before Tudor times. Nor, on the other hand, that some semblance of defensive strength was not given to halls and mansions built in Elizabethan or even Jacobean days.

A large number of the castles, especially those belonging to the king—who had so many that he never by any chance visited the majority of them—ultimately degenerated into the town gaol. One of the odd results of this is that the word "donjon" originally used for the keep, or dominating tower of the castle—passed into common parlance as the modern "dungeon."

By about the year 1645, the "Parliamentarians," or "Roundheads," then in power had seen the futility of having so many fortified castles about. They therefore adopted the principle of "slighting"; putting out of action all captured castles by blowing them up, rather than by garrisoning them. Most of the gate-houses and keeps were thus destroyed, but on the whole it is surprising to find how much survived, even after a thorough "slighting." Medieval walls were thick and the mortar was tenacious,

and the putting of a castle out of action did not really mean that it was razed to the ground. But the large majority of the castles that were defended in 1645-46 were never inhabited again.

A few came safely through because their owners had been stalwart Parliamentarians, who secured that their homes should escape "slighting." Of such were Warwick, Cardiff, and others. As to many of the remainder, wind and rain, the deadly embrace of the treacherous ivy, and stone-filching neighbours, have brought them to their present state of desolation. Probably the best known occupied castle in Great Britain is the Tower of London, situated on the bank of the River Thames. This is a compact building, erected mainly in the eleventh century by William the Conqueror. It contains one of the finest and best preserved chapels of the Norman style in the country. But more beautiful by far, and complete in every way, is the Royal Castle of Windsor, some few miles out of London, and also overlooking the Thames.

It was commenced by William, but only in timber and earthworks. Henry I. started the conversion of the castle from wood to stone, and he was followed by Henry II., who was responsible for the well-known circular tower. In addition, he surrounded the whole of the "Upper Ward" with a stone wall, thus immensely strengthening the defence of the castle. It remained for Edward III., in the middle of the 14th century, to make the most notable alterations and additions, and it has been said that "he turned Windsor from a fortress into a Palace." He employed a celebrated architect named William of Wykeham, who left his name to one of the towers, and who later carried out the quadrangles of Winchester College, and New College, Oxford. Most of the various buildings within the castle

walls are of interest, but the Chapel of St. George is especially so.

Practically all of the sovereigns of England have made some additions and alterations to Windsor, and all the various architectural styles, from Norman to Classic Renaissance, as well as Victorian, are to be found there. Unfortunately, some of the work is in very poor taste, perhaps the worst being done at the time of the "Gothic revival" early in the 19th century.

During this period most of the alterations made by Charles II. in the classic style were swept away and substituted by sham medieval design, in many cases overloaded with unnecessary wealth of decoration. In spite of these blemishes, Windsor Castle is a magnificent building with a most fascinating history behind it.

Warwick Castle, in the West Midlands, is a beautiful building, with a wonderful setting, on the bank of the river. The story of its owners is one of intrigue and assassinations, and many books have been written concerning different phases and personages of its chequered past, including Richard Neville, the so-called "king-maker" during the 13th century.

Architecturally, its chief interest lies in the two lofty towers, rising above the outer walls. The one called "Guy's Tower" is 128ft. high, while "Caesar's Tower" is no less than 147ft., their unusual height making them look more like Continental structures than English.

Perhaps, in some ways, Harlech Castle is better known than most of the others in Wales, owing to the famous song, "The March of the Men of Harlech." This picturesque castle is built on the summit of a bold, stony crag—over 200ft. in height—a projecting spur running

from the inland mountains of Merionneth.

Built by Edward I. to hold down the newly conquered principality of North Wales, it is the loftiest and most precipitous of the castles which he erected for that purpose. It is surprising to find that this fortress of portentous strength—as it undoubtedly must have been in those times—was three times besieged and taken during the Wars of the Middle Ages. But it was only after sieges lasting many months, in one

case, that the defenders had to capitulate—in two cases, sheer exhaustion dictated the surrender.

It was not till the Parliamentary Wars, when it was besieged by Cromwell, and after several months' time, that the defenders had to sur-



Windsor Castle.

case for years, that the defenders had to capitulate—in two cases, sheer exhaustion dictated the surrender.

In the Civil Wars of Charles I., Harlech was so remote from the centres of the activity of the Parliamentary armies that it was not assailed by Colonel Jones, Cromwell's Welsh brother-in-law, till all the other castles of the North had already submitted. It was surrendered, on terms, by Colonel William Owen, the Royalist governor, on March 13, 1647.

Pembroke Castle, also in West Wales, is another outstanding example, with a most outstanding and fascinating history. As it now ap-

pears, the castle is but a vast, empty shell, of which the outer walls are everywhere visible and imposing. The interior fittings have, however, almost entirely disappeared, save for the great towers of the inner ward. Pembroke was so strongly built and capably garrisoned that throughout the Middle Ages it remained a "virgin fortress."

All things considered, it is extraordinary how these splendid buildings of the past have withstood the hard knocks they have had, besides the effect of the weather and gales of the last eight or nine centuries. For this we should be grateful, and hopeful, too, that the vandalism of this war may leave them untouched.

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# A Little French History

With the setting up in France of a Government on the Fascist model under Marshal Petain, the Third Republic fell, its triumphs, its treasures torn down and trampled upon by Frenchmen. What now?

France's vacillations from monarchy to republicanism have no historic parallel. Only a stout-hearted people could have borne up under the physical martyrdom accompanying each switch-over. History must record the French as the Great Experimentalists.

After Napoleon, France tried out three monarchs: the Bourbon Louis XVIII., who was weak; Charles X., who was, if anything, weaker, and was deposed; Louis Philippe, son of the Duke of Orleans, who had helped stir up the revolution and had voted for the beheading of Louis XVI. (Incidentally, the Duke also was guillotined.)

The Second Republic, which followed Louis Philippe, had a short and precarious existence. France didn't quite know what she wanted, and a new Bonaparte, clever, unprincipled, and inordinately ambitious, appeared on the scene. Prince Louis Napoleon was his name. He was the son of Louis, the brother whom the great Napoleon had seated on the throne of Holland. His mother was Hortense de Beauharnais, daughter of Josephine, the first Napoleonic consort.

This Louis Napoleon proved a pest of pests, and, among his vicissitudes, was a stretch in clink. Anyhow, he ran for President of France, and received three-fourths of all the votes. The Napoleonic legends were reviving and a roman-

tic personality seemed to the French a needed contrast to the stuffiness of the last king.

Less than three years later, Louis cast off the democratic mask and proclaimed himself the Emperor Napoleon III.

This usurper established a court, magnificent but not quite real. Legitimate European royalty recognised it formally, but shied away from it in a social sense. The Emperor was refused a princess allied to a throne for a bride. Eventually, he married Eugenie de Montijo, a tall red-head of the Spanish nobility. She dressed spectacularly. She set the modes for Europe in the days of the huge hoop skirts. The French dubbed her Queen Crinoline.

She and the Emperor ruled more royally than real royalty. They even felt that they had assured a dynasty for France when their one son, nick-named Lou-Lou, was born. He was killed while fighting with the British against the Zulus in 1879.

As the Emperor's physical and mental powers became enfeebled with age, he fell more under the spell of the Empress. She judged that the Empire, if it was to endure much longer, had to make a spectacular success. Artfully, the masterful Bismarck arranged things so that the fading Napoleon listening to Queen Crinoline's advice, declared war on Prussia in July, 1870.

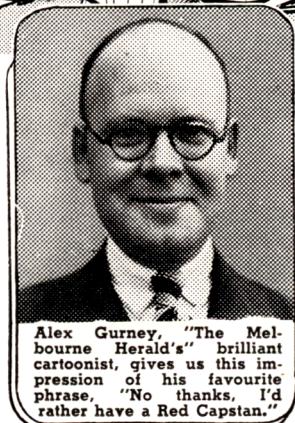
The campaigns that followed were swift. In early September the Emperor, with more than 100,000 men, surrendered at Sedan, the place where Hitler's hordes broke through — or, rather, walked through—recently, to reach Paris for the second time within the memory of living Frenchmen and French women; even veterans of that far-off war.

The French were only defeated in 1870; they were not destroyed. A stiff indemnity was paid in an unbelievably short time, and the Germans renewed their army of occupation. So the second Empire ended: Napoleon and his Empress went to England. There he died a few years later. The Empress, like a historic ghost, lived on until 1920.

The Third Republic was born of strife. With the Germans still in the country, in 1871, there was civil war, but the national assembly's armies finally ousted the Reds, and so ended a bloody chapter. Thereafter France's far-flung Empire outmatched that of all nations, save one—the British Commonwealth of Nations.

*To-day, all that majesty and might have passed into vassalage. Surely the stage of the history of the nations has never provided a drop scene more heart-rending, or, in its conception, one reeking more with villainy.*

—THE CLUB MAN



Alex Gurney, "The Melbourne Herald's" brilliant cartoonist, gives us this impression of his favourite phrase, "No thanks, I'd rather have a Red Capstan."

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# POOL SPLASHES

## Dexter 1939-40 Dewar Cup Winner — After Great Battle with McGilvray

Another most successful season was wound up during July by the Swimming Club, and, after the usual swimming flutter at the Annual Ball on Saturday night, 31st August, the boys will lay off until a new season is ushered in during October.

The contest for the famous Dewar Cup developed into a real last-minute skirmish between George McGilvray, a first-season

great sportsman has been placed every year since 1931-32, winning in 1932-33, and tieing for first in 1936-37.

Maybe McGilvray is going to keep it up as Godhard has done, for it was a great performance on the part of "The Blond Bomber" to go so close in his first season. We have no keener man in the Club.

"Mick" Murphy, too, did great



*The Dewar Cup*

member, and Jack Dexter, Honorary Secretary, of the Swimming Club since its formation in 1928.

With a month to go, McGilvray had three points lead, but a very successful month gave Dexter the Cup for the first time, with four points to spare.

McGilvray, as runner-up, wins the Cup presented by Dave Tarrant.

Cuth. Godhard kept up his splendid Dewar Cup record by finishing in third place, and it is worthy of note that, excepting 1938-39, this

things, and ended up in fourth place, only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  points behind Godhard, and his equally enthusiastic and hard-swimming pal, Harry English, ended up a close fifth.

Once again, thanks are due to Messrs. John Dewar and Sons Ltd. for the Cup that has provided the goal for all our swimmers.

Final result of the Dewar Cup contest was:—J. Dexter,  $176\frac{1}{2}$  points; G. McGilvray,  $172\frac{1}{2}$ ; C. Godhard,  $156\frac{1}{2}$ ; N. P. Murphy, 153; T. H. English,  $145\frac{1}{2}$ ; W. S. Edwards,  $129\frac{1}{2}$ ; G. Goldie,  $111\frac{1}{2}$ ; A. S. Block, 108; I. Stanford, 72;

V. Richards,  $71\frac{1}{2}$ ; B. Partridge, 64; R. Payne, 62.

Placed men in the Dewar Cup contest since its inception in season 1929-30 have been as follow:—

1929-30: H. J. Robertson, 1; S. Carroll, 2; A. Richards, 3.

1930-31: A. Richards, 1; K. Hunter, 2; H. J. Robertson, 3.

1931-32: K. Hunter, 1; C. Godhard, 2; S. Carroll, 3.

1932-33: C. Godhard, 1; Dr. G. Clough, 2; K. Hunter, 3.

1933-34: A. Richards, 1; K. Hunter, 2; C. Godhard, 3.

1934-35: A. S. Block, 1; C. Godhard, 2; S. Carroll, 3.

1935-36: A. S. Block, 1; C. D. Tarrant, 2; C. Godhard, 3.

1936-37: G. Goldie and C. Godhard, tie, 1; C. D. Tarrant, 3.

1937-38: C. D. Tarrant, 1; G. Goldie 2; C. Godhard, 3.

1938-39: G. Goldie, 1; C. D. Tarrant, 2; J. Dexter, 3.

1939-40: J. Dexter, 1; G. McGilvray, 2; C. Godhard, 3.

Last month's races were just as keenly fought out as if the season were just starting, and one of our stalwarts, Norman Barrell, of whom not enough was seen during the season, covered himself with glory by notching a brace of wins. Only for the fact that he missed a final and failed to turn up for a race, he would have been well set for the monthly point-score which went to Dexter.

Winners of Point Score Trophies throughout the season were:—

October-November, 1939: — R. Payne.

November-December, 1939: — A. S. Block.

January, 1940: — W. S. Edwards.

February, 1940: — I. Stanford.

*(Continued on page 16.)*

## POOL SPLASHES

(Continued from page 15.)

February-March, 1940:—N. P. Murphy and J. Dexter, tie.

March-April, 1940:—N. P. Murphy.

April-May, 1940:—N. P. Murphy.

May-June, 1940:—G. McGilvray and J. Dexter, tie.

June-July, 1940:—J. Dexter.

Winners of races with their number of wins during the season were:—J. Dexter, 7; G. McGilvray, N. P. Murphy and G. Godhard, 5; I. Stanford and R. J. Withycombe, 4; B. Partridge, W. S. Edwards and N. Barrell, 3; R. Payne, A. S. Block, S. McCure, W. Ford, T. H. English and G. Goldie, 1.

Reference was made in last issue of the great races between Bill Longworth and Frank Beaurepaire. The 1,320-yards championship mentioned was in season 1910-11. Prior to that, "Bogey" won all the Australian championships from 220 yards to a mile in seasons 1907-08, 1908-09, 1909-10, with the exception of the 220 yards in 1907-08.

After winning the 1,320 yards in world record time and mile in 1910-11, Longworth won every Australian free-style championship in 1911-12, and all except the 100 yards in 1912-13 and 1913-14.

Beaurepaire did not swim in those seasons, but came back better than ever in 1919-20, when he beat Norman Ross, and in 1920-21, when Rudy Langer was added to his vic-

tims. In 1921-22 he won all the Australian championships except the 100 yards, and defeated Bill Harris of U.S.A. in 1922-23. His last wins in Australian championships were in 1923-24, when he won at 440, 880, 1,320 yards and a mile.

No man in Australia has had a more distinguished career in swimming, and it must be conceded that he was a marvel when his championship form from 1907 to 1924 is considered.

At Olympic Games, Beaurepaire represented Australia three times. In 1908 in London, he swam fourth in a 100-metres semi-final in 71 3/5 seconds, second in the 400-metres final in 5-44 1/5, and third in the 1,500-metres final in 22-56 1/5. In 1920, at Antwerp, he was third in the 1,500 metres final in 22-55. At Paris in 1924, "Bogey" was third in the 1,500-metres final for the third time, in 21-48 2/5.

It will be seen that in 1924 he swam over a minute faster over 1,500 metres than he did both four and sixteen years previous.

To-day Frank is a civic dignitary and a most successful business man in Melbourne, and during his trips to Sydney, we sometimes see him in the Club, when we are always tickled to death to chat over old swimming days, for he has kept abreast of sporting times, and is ever ready to help.

### Swimming Club Ball.

We are happy to announce that

the Swimming Club's Annual Ball will be held in the Club on Saturday night, 31st August.

The swimmers will show how it's done in the Pool, where the Dewar Cup and other trophies will be presented, and it is anticipated that a nice sum will be available for Tattersall's Club's war effort.

Our advice is to book early to be sure you are in on this really good thing.

### Results.

June 20th: 40-yards Handicap:—  
J. Dexter (23), 1; G. McGilvray (22), 2; T. H. English (25), 3. Time, 23 1/5 secs.

June 27th: 40-yards Handicap:—  
J. Dexter (23), 1; T. H. English (25), 2; N. P. Murphy (25), 3. Time, 22 3/5 secs.

July 4th: 80-yards Brace Relay Handicap:—G. Goldie and N. Barrell (61), 1; N. P. Murphy and G. McGilvray (47), 2; T. H. English and J. Dexter (47), 3. Time, 60 secs.

July 11th: 60-yards Handicap:—  
J. Dexter (37), 1; C. Godhard (38), 2; N. P. Murphy (41), 3. Time, 36 1/5 secs.

July 18th: 40-yards Handicap:—  
N. Barrell (26), 1; N. P. Murphy (25), 2; G. McGilvray (22), 3. Time, 25 4/5 secs.

May-June Point Score:—G. McGilvray and J. Dexter, 27, 1; T. H. English, 21, 3; C. Godhard, 17, 4.

June-July Point Score:—J. Dexter, 26, 1; N. P. Murphy, 24, 2; G. McGilvray and N. Barrell, 20, 3.

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# Billiards and Snooker

Club Tournaments Going Strong.  
Joe Davis Invents New Stage Act.

The Club annual billiards and snooker tournaments are now well under way, and some excellent heats have been contested.

Best individual performance during the month was a well played break of 42 at snooker by Reg. Alderson, who showed delightful form and touch.

A billiards boom has set in, and it is a long time since such activity has been shown by members who assemble for a game each day.

A spectator made a remark during a game of snooker that the black ball could be likened unto the double six at dominoes—it made more bad players than anything else that could be mentioned.

The assertion is founded on fact. Players invariably endeavour to play too much black or shun it altogether.

World's snooker champion, Joe Davis, recently burst into print on the same subject. Here, in brief, is what he wrote:

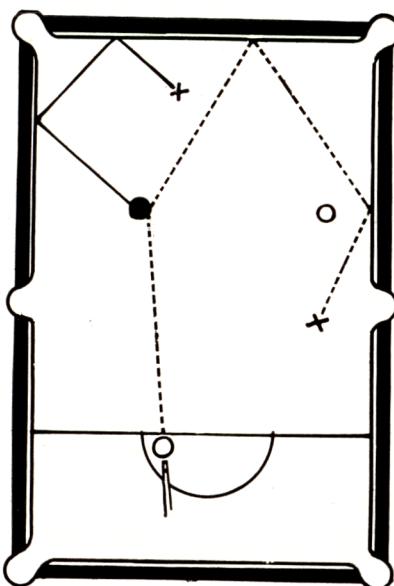
"Players should spend a fair measure of time in practising to pot the black from all angles. Place it on its correct spot and keep putting it down until you feel you can lay three-to-one about yourself. The black frightens some players, who say 'I hate the black. It always beats me.'"

"The black doesn't beat them. They beat themselves. They're afraid of bungling a shot that should bring in seven points. Therefore, if you can practice, knock that black ball into the pockets until you can treat it with contempt, and then you will be at least twice as good a player as you are to-day."

The advice is sound, and any player who cares to follow same at the present time will make the opposition sit up and take notice. It marks the shortest route to tournament winning.

#### *Billiards as Theatre Act.*

In the days of the old Tivoli Theatre, when the late Harry Rick-



When playing for this frequently-occurring cannon, do not fall into error by spotting too wide, with results as shown by dotted line. Narrow the angle, but still utilise the two cushions.

ards controlled its destinies, a billiard player of lesser importance staged a billiards act which went down rather well with the public, albeit those seated in the stall had, for the most part, to take everything for granted. The Dress Circle and "Gods" habitues had an excellent view.

The idea was not persevered with and for many years now has laid dormant.

Now, however, Joe Davis has resurrected the scheme and is showing in the main theatres of England. Joe is doing the thing on a grand scale, and the success attained may mean our witnessing similar displays in Australia.

By the aid of carefully set mirrors the whole audience is able to see the shots. There is only one difference—the reflection shows a right-handed shot as being played with the left, and vice versa. That is a phenomenon which might be dwelt with in passing.

Has it ever occurred to you that when you look in a mirror to shave that what you see is entirely reversed? Your right eye is situate on the left side of your face!

To return to the theatre act. The mirror mentioned is the largest ever made in England and measures 24 ft. x 4ft. It was made in Nottingham.

The legs of the table are a screw hoist of gunmetal tubes set with a very fine thread to give an adjustment on each up to 3½ inches. They can be adjusted by hand, despite the 30 cwt. of the table, and all this is done during a six minutes break while another artist entertains in front of the curtain.

To permit of easy wheeling on and off the stage, the legs are fitted with ball bearings, heavy duty double castors, and only two men are required to wheel it into any given position.

Next issue, when our tournaments have progressed another stage it is intended to chronicle some of the doughtier deeds, and also incidents of note.

# *For Better Health*

## **HELIDON SPA**

- \* A natural, sparkling mineral water straight from Helidon Springs . . . . . rich in certain health-giving salts that are practically all destroyed by over-refining in ordinary foods.
- \* HELIDON SPA corrects over-acidity . . . improves digestion . . . helps to purify the blood and clear the skin. Taken daily, Helidon Spa makes up for some of the deficiencies of our modern diet. Its tingling effervescence is agreeable to the palate. It is ideal for mixing with Whisky or Gin. Stocked in all bars in the Club.

## **HELIDON SPA**

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• THAT we have the finest indoor Swimming Pool in Australia, with sunlight, fresh air and sparkling water.

• THAT any man can, and every man should, learn to swim. It's easy, healthful, beneficial. The Attendant in the Pool will teach you free of charge.

• THAT you can take that cold out of your system by spending an hour or so in the Turkish Bath. It's a cheap and pleasant method.

• THAT Duo - Therapy Treatment is now available to members in the Athletic Department.

# The Mother State

*A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature.*

SERIES No. 52.



*Coolangatta Homestead, with Coolangatta Mt. in the background.*  
— Photos by Government Printer.

## ALEXANDER BERRY

IT was the serious food shortage of 1806 and 1807 that first aroused the interest of Alexander Berry in New South Wales. He was at Capetown when he heard of the famine which prevailed in Sydney (largely as a result of disastrous floods on the Hawkesbury) and of the opportunity which existed for a profitable investment in conveying food supplies to the penal colony. Berry purchased a Spanish prize ship which happened to be at the Cape at that time, had it fitted out for the venture and renamed the "City of Edinburgh." The weather encountered by the ship on the outward passage was extremely rough so that the voyage was a protracted one. Berry's ship called at Tasmania and, since news was received that the food shortage in Sydney was no longer acute, it was decided to take advantage of the opportunity for selling the cargo at a handsome profit to the residents of Launceston and Hobart. The "City of Edinburgh" arrived in Sydney on January 14, 1808.

IMMEDIATELY after this venture, Berry set sail for Norfolk Island to transfer a number of settlers from that island to Tasmania; after which a voyage was made to New Zealand, where Berry was instrumental in saving the lives of the few survivors of the notorious massacre of the passengers and crew of the ship "Boyd" by a tribe of Maoris. Proceeding from New Zealand across the Pacific, Berry's vessel was wrecked soon after entering the south Atlantic. He suffered a long series of adventures before he eventually reached England. He spent the following years in travelling in various parts of the world until, in 1819, he decided to settle in New South Wales. He formed a partnership with Edward Wollstonecraft, and a very successful business was established in Sydney. Wollstonecraft was granted five hundred acres of land on the northern side of the harbour, and there he built the well-known "Crow's Nest House," so called because of its lofty elevation, and the splendid views which it commanded. (This will explain how this

Sydney suburb took its somewhat unusual name, the origin of which has puzzled many people.)

BERRY, however, was not content for long with a quiet business career in Sydney, and, in 1820, set out to explore the Shoalhaven district. He was so impressed by the fertility of the country through which he passed, that he decided to apply for a grant of land and settle there. As a result of his undertaking to maintain 100 convicts without Government aid, he was granted some 10,000 acres of very rich land near the Shoalhaven River. It was in May, 1822, that he made his first attempt to settle on this land. An unfortunate accident, which resulted in the loss of life, in entering the Shoalhaven, convinced him that the mouth of this river was far too dangerous for regular use, and he set his convicts to work on what was at the time regarded as an impossible task — that of digging Australia's first canal, which was to join the Shoalhaven and Crookhaven Rivers, so that vessels could enter in safety. This canal of a size "sufficient to allow a loaded boat to pass," was excavated by the convicts in a matter of some five weeks. In later years, it was considerably enlarged to meet the increasing size of vessels used in coastal trade.



**ALEXANDER BERRY.**

ON his original grant of 10,000 acres, Berry established his famous Coolangatta Estate, which was soon enlarged to enormous proportions. Not only did Alexander Berry pioneer the famous Shoalhaven dairying district, but he also performed very valuable work in the advancement of the dairy industry in the young colony. The size and quality of his horses and cattle became famous throughout Australia. Although the development of his estate naturally took up a great deal of his time, Alexander Berry still found time to interest himself in the political advancement of his adopted country, and we find that he served with the various legislatures from 1843 to 1861, when age compelled his resignation. He died on September 17, 1873.

# Racing Fixtures

1940.

**AUGUST.**

Moorefield .... Saturday, 3rd  
 Rosebery .... Wednesday, 7th  
 Rosehill .... Saturday, 10th  
 Kensington .... Wednesday, 14th  
 Victoria Park .... Saturday, 17th  
 Ascot .... Wednesday, 21st  
 Moorefield .... Saturday, 24th  
 Victoria Park .... Wednesday, 28th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 31st

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**SEPTEMBER.**

Rosebery .... Wednesday, 4th  
 Canterbury Park .... Saturday, 7th  
 Kensington .... Wednesday, 11th  
**Tattersall's Club .... Saturday, 14th**  
 Victoria Park .... Wednesday, 18th  
 Rosehill .... Saturday, 21st  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 25th  
 Hawkesbury .... Saturday, 28th

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**OCTOBER.**

Ascot .... Wednesday, 2nd  
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 5th  
 Australian Jockey Club, Mon., 7th  
 (Eight-Hours Day)  
 Australian Jockey Club, Wed., 9th  
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 12th  
 Rosebery .... Wednesday, 16th  
 City Tattersall's .... Saturday, 19th  
 Kensington .... Wednesday, 23rd  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 26th  
 Victoria Park .... Wednesday, 30th

**NOVEMBER.**

Moorefield .... Saturday, 2nd  
 Ascot .... Wednesday, 6th  
 Canterbury Park .... Saturday, 9th  
 Rosebery .... Wednesday, 13th  
 Rosehill .... Saturday, 16th  
 Kensington .... Wednesday, 20th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 23rd  
 Rosebery .... Monday, 25th  
 Howkesbury .... Wednesday, 27th  
 Rosehill .... Saturday, 30th

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**DECEMBER.**

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 4th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 7th  
 Victoria Park .... Wednesday, 11th  
 Rosehill .... Saturday, 14th  
 Ascot .... Wednesday, 18th  
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 21st  
 Australian Jockey Club, Thurs., 26th  
 (Boxing Day)

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**TATTERSALL'S CLUB,  
 SATURDAY, 28th.**

(In aid of The Lord Mayor's  
 Patriotic and War Fund.)

•

**1941  
 JANUARY.**

**Tattersall's Club .... Wednesday, 1st**



## GOLF NOTES

The last outing took place at Concord on 11th July, when a very good attendance faced the starter for the Trophies, which were very kindly donated by A. Basser for A Grade, and J. Mandel for B Grade players.

The Competition was a Stableford and resulted in a dead-heat in each Grade—R. Norman eventually winning A Grade Trophy and K. Williams B Grade.

The course was in perfect condition, and all present were delighted to have the pleasure and privilege of competing under such favourable conditions.

The next outing will take place at N.S.W. Golf Club on Thursday, 15th August, 1940, when members are asked to assist by advising the Hon. Secretary whether they intend to be present or not.

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ALEX. WILLIAMS

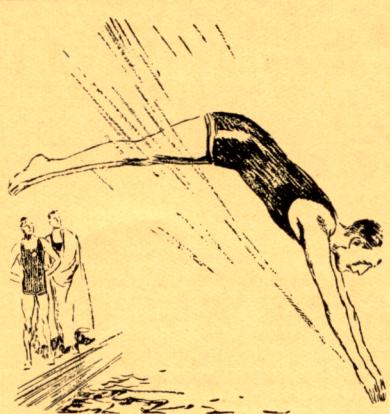
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### KEEP FIT

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# BENEFIT RACE MEETING

TO BE HELD ON RANDWICK RACECOURSE.

## SATURDAY, 21st SEPTEMBER, 1940

### PROGRAMME.

#### THE CHARITY NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have never, at the time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.

ONE MILE.

#### THE ROSEHILL GUINEAS.

Of 1,000 guineas and a Solid Silver Plaque valued at 200 guineas, presented by White Horse Distilleries Ltd.; the owner of the second horse to receive 150 guineas, and the owner of the third horse 75 guineas out of the prize. For Three-year-olds, Colts and Geldings, 8st. 5lb.; Fillies, 8st.

Payments.—£1 for each horse if scratched with the Secretary, Rosehill Racing Club, Sydney, or Mr. G. Lockington, V.R.C. Building, Bourke Street, Melbourne, not later than 4 o'clock p.m. on 9th September, 1940.

£2 for each horse if scratched with the Secretary, Rosehill Racing Club, Sydney, after 4 o'clock p.m. on 9th September, 1940, and not later than 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday preceding the race.

£6 Acceptance Fee for each horse remaining in the race after 1 o'clock p.m. on the Thursday preceding the race. (Entries closed.)

ONE MILE AND ONE FURLONG.

#### A MATCH RACE OF £1,000 TO BE ARRANGED.

### CONDITIONS.

Entrance Fee for each race, £1.

No Entry will be received without the necessary fee.

If nominations are made by telegram, the amount of Entrance Fee must be wired.

The Entries for the above Meeting are to be made with the Secretary of the A.J.C., Sydney; Mr. G. Lockington, V.R.C. Building, Bourke Street, Melbourne; Q.T.C., Brisbane; S.A.J.C., Adelaide; or N.J.C., Newcastle, before 4 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 9th September, 1940.

Weights will be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 16th September, 1940.

Acceptances: The owner of any horse not scratched by 1 p.m. on Thursday, 18th September, 1940, will be liable for the full amount of Acceptance Fee.

Penalties: The winner of any handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, when the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, to carry 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb. penalty.

Owners and Trainers must declare penalties incurred, and claim allowances due at date when making entries.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races, and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, and acceptances, and in the event of the false rail being used, races will be run at "ABOUT" the distances advertised.

The Committee reserves to itself the right, in connection with any of the above races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the Prize Money, Forfeits and Acceptance Fees advertised.

Entries for any of the above races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, Fly-laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force, by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

6 Bligh Street, Sydney.

GEO. T. ROWE, Hon. Secretary.  
G. H. ROUTLEY, Asst. Hon. Secretary.

**ENTRIES CLOSE AT 4 P.M. ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th, 1940.**